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ROBERT G. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"RESIST WITH CARE THE SPIRIT OF INNOVATION UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, HOWEVER SPECIOUS THE PRETEXTS."—Washington.

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POETRY.

From the Pittsburg Statesman.

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

The nation mourns, and mourn the nation will,
Whenever death's commission is to fulfill
High Heaven's behest, by taking from the state
The fathers of the land—the good and great:
But 'tis no common sadness that we feel—
No common sorrow o'er our bosoms steal.
As now we pay the tribute of a tear
To him whose memory must all revere,
What nation were not proud of such a sage?
So rare in ancient or in modern age!
Of one whose public, private life, combined
A spotless heart with a capacious mind!
No gifted, clear, so sound in legal lore!
The loss of such all nations must deplore.
And yet 'tis honest pride, and ours alone,
That bids us say and boast—he was our own.
Glow up with Freedom, guarded well her cause,
And honored ev'n the majesty of laws.
'Twas his the fame of Washington to spread,
Preserve the laurels of the illustrious dead.
Transmit to Freedom's children yet to be,
That "Life"—the text of virtuous liberty;
And with it, down the stream of distant time,
Through every country, nation, every clime,
Shall Marshall's code of wisdom flow, and draw
Justice to honor it—the fount of law.
Spirit! thy full deserts cannot be given—
Thy works are ours—thy recompense is HEAVEN.

MUSCULANEOUS.

ADVENTURES OF JESSE BENNETT.

A Raw, Unfledged Yankee, from the District of Maine.

"Why, I've made out pretty considerably well," replied he, in a satisfied provincial tone, which we cannot transfer to our pages. "After father sold out, and went down to Maine, things seemed to look up better; but there was such a squad of boys and gals, that we had soon to shirk for ourselves. Some cleared out one way and some another; but somehow I thought I'd steer for Boston. It's a pretty curious place, and I'd a mind to see it; so mother fixed me off, and I started."

"Boston! but what will you do in Boston?" asked Allen, eagerly.
"What could I do? Why I'd eyes in my head, and a tongue in my mouth, and as many hands and feet as my neighbors, so I knew I shouldn't starve. I'll tell you," added he, with a knowing wink, "how I fixed it; perhaps it may be of use to you one day or another, when you go to seek your fortune, as be sure you will; you'll see you needn't be in no way discouraged, if things don't go just right at first."

"Well!" said Allen, in an expectant tone.

"Well, first I put up at a tavern, and as the landlord was a likely man, I agreed I'd ask his advice. So then he asked me what I could do, and says I, I can lay as handsome a swathe as ever you see, and break and swing flax with any one—it's hard work to be sure, but I don't stand on that; and I can reap and bind, and if the grain aint too rank, can cradle up with any. With that he laughed in my face, and says he, 'I don't think these turns will serve you here.' 'Well,' says I, 'I aint particular; I wont turn my back on nobody for chopping wood.' 'No,' says he, 'you won't need to for we saw it all here.' 'Do tell,' says I, 'yes,' says he. 'Well, then he stood casting about for a spell, and then says he, 'I rather guess I can get you a waiter's place, how will that suit you?' 'Very well,' says I, 'but how do you know if he can spare it?' So then he laughed again. 'O,' says he, 'you needn't have no difficulty about that.' 'Well, what must I do?' says I. 'Whatever you are bid,' says he. 'What shall I get?' says I. 'Ten dollars a month,' says he. 'Ready money?' says I. 'Certain,' says he. 'I'll do it,' says I. So that very day he takes me to a gentleman who engaged me off hand.

"And how did you make out there?" asked Allen, with much interest.

"You shall hear quick enough," replied Jesse, with a ridiculous self-complacency, as he was about to contrast his awkward debut in Boston, with what he conceived to be his present experience in the world. "You shall hear. I was first quite struck off; the house was grand, and all done up with glasses and pictures, and what not! for they were forebanded people. Miss Winslow, too—that was her name—was dressed up to the nines, and I could see plain enough did n't think small of herself. Now when folks are pretty behaved, I don't care how grand they are, but when they look proud as Nebuchadnezzar, it stirs me up considerably; so thinks I, who cares I'm as good by natur as she. Well as I felt kind of strange, and didn't know how to take hold at once, I agreed I'd keep still and see how other folks did. So I had not been above an hour in the house, when I was sitting in the chimney corner. I heard a kind of caw-bell ringing just over my head; but I didn't let on; with that one of the women fell in the kitchen speaks up to me in a kind of flippant way, and says she, 'don't you hear the bell boy?' 'Certain,' says I, 'I aint hard of hearing.' 'Well,' says she, 'why don't you answer it?' 'Answer a bell?' says I, 'for the land sake, is that it?' So then she laughed, and told me that to answer the bell was to go and see what the parlor folks wanted. Well, up stairs

I went, and there Miss Winslow sat by a piano as they call it, with a singing book open before her, all pricked off as nice as could be, and says she, looking me full in the face, just as you do this minute, 'Jesse,' says she, 'I aint to home.' 'Well to be sure I was all in a blue maze. I want to know!' says I, 'I tell you says she, with a kind of a lofty way, 'I aint to home this morning.' 'Thinks I, the woman's underwinded.

What is it to me if she's to home or not? though there she sits as plain as the nose on your face. So I went away, turning it over in my mind what her idee was in telling me such a contrary thing as that, however, I pretty soon found out that it meant she didn't choose me to let folks in. Well at first thinks I, this will never do; where I come from they should call that a big lie, besides being ugly and ill natured; and our folks would go clean off if they thought I had to tell lies for a living. After a while, though, I reasoned myself more into it. She must answer for it, thinks I, and not me; but before I could settle it rightly to mind, the bell rung again. Well upstairs I went, but Miss Winslow said she didn't want nothing; but I had n't got seated before the dumb thing rung agin. Thinks I, I'm blamed if I go this time; if folks ring for fun, they may take it out in ringing.

Presently though, the same gal, Peggy, they called her, says to me, 'some one rings the street door bell.' 'Well,' says I, 'what does he want?' I suppose I aint got to answer every bell in town, am I?—'What?' says she, 'why he wants to come in, to be sure.' 'Well,' thinks I, 'if that is n't the most foolish thing that I ever see! why in natur can he open the door himself?' However, it was as easy doing that as any thing else, so I said nothing to nobody. But when I opened the door there was no creter there, so I looked up street and down street, and at last I see some folks tossed off pretty much after the way of Miss Winslow, and I concluded they must be the ones, so I started after them, thinking it was but civil, and says I, though I can't let you in this mornin, it is a pity to come for nothin, and so if you'll tell me your business, perhaps I can do it for you, and I dare say Miss Winslow would be pleased to have you call another time.' But they laughed like mad, and said it was no matter; and told me to give their duty, or some such, to Miss Winslow, and said, besides, that they had left their cards. 'Cards?' thinks I, 'now what is that agin? there is wool cards, and cotton cards, and playing cards; but which of these they mean, I can't tell no more than a post. Well, when I got back, I see scattered all over the entry floor (they had tucked them under the door, I take it, and in my hurry I had n't seen 'em) ever so many pieces of paper figured on with gold and stamps, and all directed to different people. Well, thinks I, there's something! so I goes and asks Peggy what's to be done with these, and if I had got to carry these things to Mr. this, and Miss that, according to what was writ on them. So then she looked in a kind of scornful way, and told me to put them in the rack. Now I knew well enough she could n't mean the hay rack, but what she did mean, if I had been to suffer I could n't tell. But by this time I was so pestered that I was downrighted; so I would n't ask no questions about it, nor budge an inch; with that she took them out of my hand with a jerk, and off she set up stairs; and pretty soon back she comes and says she, looking as chipper as ever you seen; 'Go right up to Miss Winslow.' Well, up I goes, and says she, 'Jesse you may go, says she; you know I only took you upon trial, and you wont suit me, so you needn't stay no longer.' 'Thinks I, you are as well suited, I guess, as I am; so I cleared out pretty quick.

A married couple in Maine sued mutually, a short time since, for divorce. One of the grounds on which the husband prayed for a separation was that his wife smoked—that she smoked day and night, and further that she smoked before marriage, but concealed the habit from him until after their union. The wife, on her side, put in a cross-plea, that the husband chewed tobacco, and not only chewed tobacco, but ate onions. Causes of dissatisfaction so strong, added to divers others mutually alleged and proven, were deemed sufficient by the court, and the disgraced couple were allowed to separate and enjoy apart their delectable propensities.

True Courage.—There is no courage which will bear comparison with that of a man, whose opinions stand in opposition, upon fearful questions of passion, to those of the giddy-paced and excited multitude, and who, nevertheless, carries them "into act." That man who can stand in the breach of universal public censure, with all the fashions of opinion disgracing him in the thoughts of the looking on, with the tide of obloquy beating against his breast, and the fingers of the mighty, combined, many pointing him to scorn,—nay, with the fury of the drunken rabble threatening him with instant death,—and worse than all having no present friend to whisper a word of defence or palliative, in his behalf to his revilers,—but bravely giving his naked head to the storm, because he

knows himself to be virtuous in his purpose—that man shall come forth from the fiery ordeal like tried gold; philosophy shall enbalm his name in her richest unction, history shall give him a place on her brightest page, and old, yea, hoary far-off posterity shall remember him as of yesterday.—Horse Shoe Robinson.

Bagging perverse Horses.—Did you ever harness up an old horse, in a great hurry to go post-haste somewhere or other, and after taking the reins and giving the whip a crack, finding him lopping his ears, pouting his lips, and bracing himself as if he thought the whole universe depended upon the strength of his breeching?—We dare say you have, and no doubt felt to thumping and mauling him. But only put his head in an old bag, tie it on that it may not get off, and he will go ahead like chain lightning.

One of the newspapers has a fresh Hibernianism.—An Irishman was asked lately if they had any Sunday schools in his country. "To be sure they have," says Pat, "abundance of them—they have Sunday schools every day of the week."

Our exchange papers are rife with the reports of the manner in which the "glorious fourth" has been celebrated throughout the country. We suppose they will continue to overflow with accounts of the good things said and done for a month to come; but we shall look in vain for any thing to exceed the good feeling and proper spirit manifested by our Coshocton friends, whose praiseworthy exploits have found a faithful chronicler in the eloquent editor of the Spy. With him we concur in opinion, that the celebration of the "Coshocton Democrats will contrast vastly with the celebrations in Zanesville, or any other place in Ohio." He says, in the course of his graphic description, with a patriotic flow of enthusiasm that does him credit, "Ours was not a Whig celebration—nor was it a Jackson celebration—nor a State Rights celebration—but it was emphatically, particularly and precisely, a Coshocton Democratic, patriotic Fourth of July Celebration—got up in our own way—to suit our own humor—and gratify our own taste." It passed off elegantly. We had amongst us the Soldier of the Revolution—a number of the heroes of the last war. The farmer left his tedious toil—the mechanic laid down his apron and shut up shop—the doctor forsook his drugs and die stuffs—the lawyer forgot his legal lore—the Hoo Hoo came from caves and caverns, in short, Buckeyes of all sorts and sizes, and of all occupations—all, all, in one joyous, harmonious, amalgamated, conglomerated mass, met together as citizen soldiers and soldier citizens, to celebrate as one man, the birthday of American independence.—U. S. Gaz.

The following is a literal copy of a sign over a barber's shop, in a country town in Worcestershire, England:—

JOHN SMITH, Shaver and tooth drawer, corns carefully cut, or skopped intirely out. Bleeding on the lowest terms, for ready money only. Nails pared and shered off to the latest fashion, shoes and boots cleaned and saws sharpened on the shortest notice. Ladies and gentlemen's heads dressed and made to look better than new. Shoes mended, and shoe strings and cat gut always on hand. It has been told about that I am going to give up the business, but I don't give ear to such blood thirsty reports.

N. B. No connexion with the brute next door.

SHOCKING REVENGE.

Two lads in a village in England, for want of better amusement, one day took it into their heads to clamber to the top of the antique church tower or belfry, for the purpose of abstracting a jack-daw's nest, full of young ones, which their keen eyes had discovered from below. The nest was built upon a narrow ledge, that projected from the sides of the tower, some 30 or 40 feet from the ground; and the only way in which the urchins could get at it was, by thrusting a plank through a window, or rather a loop-hole, upon which one of them crawled to the outside of the tower, while the other held fast to the end within, thus preventing it from tilting. The scheme was successful, and the robber possessed himself of the nest, which contained five young ones. This fact he announced to his companion at the other end of the plank, at the same time observing, that in consideration of his more hazardous share of the performance, he should keep three of the birds, and give his fellow the remaining two. To this the latter objected, insisting that there should be a tossing up for the odd bird; and thereupon a hot dispute arose, which soon became so angry, that the plank-holder threatened to "let go," till or no till, unless the matter was settled according to his view of its equities. "Let go and be hanged," roared the boy on the outside, and let go he did. Down went the racket, nest, birds, and all; but happily falling upon a large heap of sand which had been placed at the foot of the tower, no material damage was done to either, and the fallen hero, as he lay sprawling on his back, firmly clutching the hat in which he had placed the nest, shouted aloud,—"Now, by the bokey, Tom Smith, you

sha'n't have a single one of 'em just for doing that 'ere!"

From the North River Times.

Extraordinary Circumstance, and Providential Escape from Death.—On Monday of last week, the hands employed in the quarry of Mr. Harman Lydacker, situated under the high range of mountains, below Slaughter's Landing, in this county, were alarmed by the cry of murder! proceeding from a female voice, but were totally unable to discover the source from whence it came. At the moment the crew of the sloop Henry Edward, which was passing down the river, saw something suspended at the side of the mountain resembling a female form. With commendable promptitude they immediately put about, dropped anchor, and jumping into the small boat, rowed to the shore. On arriving at the foot of the mountain, they found it to be a young girl, (aged about 16,) hanging by one foot in a cedar bush, about 100 feet from the base, and 60 feet from the top of the perpendicular rock. To reach her from the bottom was impossible, and providing themselves with a rope, they hastened around the top from which they lowered it. The unfortunate girl was yet able to fix it around her waist, and by this means, was drawn from her perilous situation, and rescued from impending an almost certain death.

She proved to be Miss Phebe Wells, a niece of Mr. Benedict Wells, who had left his residence without the knowledge of his family, with a view of going to New York to see her friends. Unacquainted with the passage of the mountains, it is supposed that she was unaware of the danger until she found herself descending the great precipice, and the rock being nearly perpendicular, her fall could only have been broken by the slight shrubbery which projects from the side of the cliff, until luckily for her, she struck the cedar bush, in which her foot fortunately caught. Her situation here may be imagined, it cannot be described; hanging by one foot to a slender bush and a yawning gulf of rocks and stones 100 feet below—unable to extricate herself, and for aught she knew, beyond the reach of human call. It is not at all probable that in five hundred thousand cases, one could have passed the cliff she did, and not have been dashed to pieces long before reaching the bottom. She was not materially injured and was conveyed to her friends in New York by the sloop Henry Edward, the captain and crew of which are entitled to the highest commendations for their promptitude and humanity.

A REFLECTION.

Round the idea of one's mother the mind of a man clings with a fond affection. It is the first deep thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings of the world are more or less light in comparison. I do not know that even in our old age we do not look back to that feeling as the sweetest we have through life. Our passions and our wilfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we learn even to pain her heart, to oppose her wishes, to violate her commands; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her counsels or her opposition; but when death has stilled her memory voice; and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a past storm, raises up her head and smiles amongst the trees. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the early period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our dead parent with a garland of graces and beauties and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed. Thus it had been with De Vaux, he could just call to mind a face that had appeared to him very beautiful, and a few kind and tender words, from the lips of her he had called mother; he had fancied her all that was good and gentle and virtuous; and now that he was forced to look upon her as a fallen being—as one who had not only forgotten virtue herself, but in sin had brought him into the world, to degradation and shame—what could be his feelings towards her?

The Gipsy.

The following dialogue took place at the Rail Road depot, in this town, on Monday:—
Sure, an' shall I be after riding on the rail road this blessed day?
Yes, if you please.

Plaise your honor, an' what's the price of the tickets?
One dollar.
An' surely, how long shall we be going to Boston?
One hour.

Och, botheration to you, if I'll be after giving you a dollar for one hour's ride, when I can ride THREE hours in a stage for a dollar.

We have read much of the sagacity and affection of the Dog, but have heard of none in our vicinity which equals the following, as related to us by an eye witness:—
Mr. Nossitter, (whose death by drowning we mentioned last week,) was in possession of a beautiful setter dog. The

animal had accompanied Mr. N. to the pond, and a short time after he sunk, he appeared to be sensible of his master's situation. After twice traversing the foot of the pond, the dog came to a dead point, where he remained fixed until some of the spectators swam to the spot indicated by the animal, and recovered the lifeless bodies of Mr. Nossitter and his son.

Jerseyman.

Extract from the Experiences of a Surgeon, in the Monthly Magazine.

THE DEATH BED.

I had never yet seen the agonies of a death-bed, though the sight of human suffering was become familiar, and had ceased to excite those painful sensations which it had at first created. I had sedulously avoided to be a witness of the last struggles of mortality, and as I went up stairs accompanied by the husband. On approaching the bed-side I was shocked to perceive that his wife was dying, and that all human aid was fruitless. She was a young, and must have been a strikingly handsome woman—but her fine features now bore the impress of the destroyer. Her cheeks were sunk, her nostrils and lips quivered during the respiration; a cold clammy sweat stood upon her forehead, and her countenance was pinched, and wore that peculiar appearance, termed by us "facies hippocratica." I sat down; her pulse was feeble and intermittent. She was slightly delirious; but when roused, answered feebly and rationally. I inquired how she was, and if she suffered much? "No," she said, "no none whatever; it is quite gone. I am quite better; and when I have slept shall be well." This was said slowly, and at intervals, and with imperfect articulation. Her sister who was in the room, imagining it was a fatal symptom, told me that for several days she had been in great agony. I called the husband aside, and shortly but distinctly informed him, that a brief period, and his wife would be no more. He was startled, but incredulous; "she was easier, she must be better," the doctor had told him so; I shook my head—and desired him to go for her mother, who had just left the house in the confident hope that her daughter was recovering. He obeyed me very reluctantly; and I again sat down at the bed-side, waiting for his return, in order to summon the surgeon. The angel of death was, however, nearer than I imagined. A fitful and unmeaning smile played over her features; her hands wandered about as in search of something, while the intervals between respiration became longer; her chest heaved, and that peculiar gurgling sound in the throat, known as the "death rattle," apprized me that the moment of dissolution was at hand. Her sister terrified at those portentous changes, looking at me for information, I could only say, that in a few minutes all would be over. She fled shrieking out of the room, and I was left alone with the dying woman. I sat gazing upon her with a feeling of awe and dread; I almost expected to see the dark form of Azrael stoop over his victim, and the disembodied spirit wing its way from its earthly tabernacle.

Beyond the picture of my disturbed imagination, there was nothing frightful—no struggling as if mortality was freeing itself from its shackles of dust—no distortion of lip or limb, as if the separation was a painful one; on the contrary, she lay perfectly still, and the same bland, though unearthly smile flitted over her face—and though her lips moved, the motion resembled those seen on the lips of childhood in its happy dreams. Not a sound broke the still silence of the apartment, save the rush of the fragrant breeze through the open window, the slight rustle of the bed clothes, made by the movement of her hands; and the low and occasional gurgling in her throat. My presence seemed to my coward and overawed mind as something improper—so strongly was I impressed with the conviction that "a winged spirit was about to depart to its home." I gazed upon her with a species of fascination, without having power to withdraw my eyes a moment from her face, till at length, after a slight convulsive shudder, her eyelids were elevated and a deeper respiration took place. I waited in vain for its return. Her lower jaw fell, her arms and body lost their life-like position—she was dead.

Buried in silent contemplation, I remained motionless till I was aroused by the heavy entrance of her husband, mother and sister. Twenty minutes past, and they had fondly believed her convalescent—and now they found her a corpse. I withdrew to the window, and whilst a burst of passionate sorrow overspread the mourners, they knelt round the bed, the heavy sobs of the man mingling with the wilder grief of the female. I looked at the group—what a contrast between the living and the dead! She lay before them as if in a profound and heavy sleep, her features perceptibly

beauty of expression, as the smile that had played over them was gradually waning, and as the muscles lost their irritability; while they were weeping in all the attitudes of a first affliction, wringing their hands, and addressing her with vehement words of endearment. After these occurrences, it was my lot to see death in various shapes; from the calm

preparation, the hope and confidence of unshrinking innocence to the frantic terror and fierce impositions of guilt and materialism. By a transient and beneficial dispensation of Providence, however, rarely happened that the consciousness of dissolution; and I am not aware, in any instance, which came upon the patient, any sign was exhibited, that the moment of extinction was anticipated.

If judges from what I have seen of death, its pang is not so fearful, and consequently, the sense of it is most in apprehension.

AMERICAN ELOQUENCE.

Extract from a Speech of the Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER, at the laying of the Corner Stone of the Free School—Boston.

"Venerable men! You have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bountifully lengthened out your lives, that you may behold this joyous day. You are now, where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors shoulder to shoulder in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The hair of your heads is indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon. You see no mingled volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charleston. The ground strewn with the dead and dying; the lightning of change; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand tumults freely and fearlessly based in an instant; whatever of terror there may be in war and death; all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder mountains, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children, and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have pronounced you to-day with the light of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you, with a universal jubilee. Tender proud ships by a military salute, appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace, and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and, in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

"But, alas, you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks—Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridget—our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country, in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve, that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know, that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to breathe your words from war. On the light of liberty, you saw arise the light of peace, like

"another morn,
Risen on mid-morn;"

and the sky, on which you closed your eyes were cloudless.
"But—sh—Him! the first great martyr in this great cause. Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the head of our civil council, and the destined leader of our military bands; whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit; Him, cut off by Providence, in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood, like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage!—how shall I struggle with the emotions, that stifle the utterance of thy name? Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure! This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Wherever amongst men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!"

Elegant Extract.—The following passage is extracted from the eloquent speech of Mr. LIVINGSTON, in reply to the toast drank in compliment to him at the public dinner given to him last week at Philadelphia.—Nat. Int.

"The occasion which brought you together adds one more to the many preceding refutations of the charge of ingratitude against Republicans. For the people have on this occasion most generously repaid moderate services, ordinary talents, and humble efforts, by the highest of all rewards—their approbation and applause.

"No! Republics are not ungrateful! The charge is made by the rascal and vain, who think nothing valuable but gold, nothing honorable but titles, and

that gaudy ribbons are the proper recompense for merit. No, gentlemen. Republics are not ungrateful. They are judicious in the choice of reward. They do not give hereditary honors to virtue and wisdom, which may descend to folly and vice. They do not want to earn from the hard hand of labor, that it may be poured out in pensions on the idle and unworthy. They do not decorate with stars and spangled garters—men who, if they have done any thing that may seem to have deserved these childish toys, may afterwards prove unworthy of the decoration. But they give a nobler, a higher recompense for services—they give their confidence. The seal of their approbation is a prouder distinction than any that dangles from the buttonhole, or is embroidered on the breast of the tulle corset; and I feel myself more honored as well as gratified, by the approving voice of my fellow citizens—by the grasp of their friendly hands, some of them hard with honest labor—by the commendations beaming with the fire of patriotism, infinitely more honored, than could be by any titular appendage to my cap that a monarch could bestow."

INSURRECTION OF SLAVES IN MISSISSIPPI.

Memphis, July 15.
A merchant of Nashville received a letter this morning from a gentleman of respectability in Mississippi, giving an account of an extensive meditated insurrection of the slaves in that State; which was fortunately discovered a few days before the intended massacre took place. The letter is evidently written under strong excitement, and, perhaps, with some exaggeration; but the account given is, no doubt, substantially true.

The writer says:
"I take a few moments from the awful distress and confusion existing here, to inform you that this (Hinds) and several adjoining counties have been under arms day and night, in our own defence, expecting every moment to be burned up or have our throats cut by the negroes. A dreadful alarm exists, particularly among the females."

"An insurrection has, it appears, been on hand among the negroes, for the last six months, headed by white men. The massacre was to have commenced on the fourth of July. Their plans were well laid, and no doubt but that thousands of the whites would have been murdered, had we not been saved, only a week before the time, by a faithful negro man, who was in all their secrets, and who, to have been high in command, and was revealed to his master the whole plan; and to convince him of its reality, he placed his master in a position where, from his place of concealment, he could overhear one of their night meetings, at which the whole scheme was discussed."

"A great many negroes were, in consequence, taken up in Madison county, from whom the committee found out who the white leaders were. About ten negroes and five or six white men have been hung without any form of law or trial except an examination before the committee. They are still going on trying and hanging. It appears from a confession that Doctor Cotton made, that their route was to commence from some place above this and proceed thence, through the principal towns, to Natchez, and then on to N. Orleans, murdering all the white men and ugly women—sparring the handsome ones and making wives of them—and plundering and burning as they went. Dr. Cotton, after being condemned upon negro testimony, made a confession and disclosed the whole plan. He is an old confederate of a man by the name of Murrell, now in the Nashville Penitentiary."

The account is truly frightful, and illustrates with fearful emphasis, the danger which impend over the South. These insurrections have, we believe, in every instance, been traced to the unwarranted interference of the whites. The unlettered slave who strikes for his freedom is perhaps rather an object of compassion than anger; but the white man who could ferment an insurrection of the blacks, the first step of which is taken in blood, and the object of which is lust and slaughter, must be a fiend incarnate."

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Clinton, Mississippi, to a gentleman in Lynchburg, Va. dated the 5th of July, 1835.

"Our community is in a state of excitement, on the subject of an insurrection of the slaves. It seems probable that they contemplated it pretty generally, and that last night was the time fixed on for the purpose. In Madison county, they have hung two white men (both steam doctors, and seven negroes at least. About Livingston the excitement was greatest. The summary justice, however, of Mississippians, has probably quieted the spirit for years. Acting on the principle of 'salus populi suprema est lex,' the good people of that place and its vicinity appointed a committee to pass on the guilt or innocence of the accused, and they acted accordingly. The two whites were pronounced guilty on yesterday, and after the sentence was announced, an hour was allowed them for preparation, when they were swung off. One of them, under the gallows, acknowledged the justice of his fate, and stated that the plan was for a general rising that night, from Beattie's Bluff, in Madison county, to Natchez; that the discovery there would probably defeat it as to this part of the State, but that there would be a rising that night so sure as the night should come. &c. The whites appear to have been at the head of it, and with the foolish hope of getting and carrying off plunder."

"We have heard nothing further this

morning. The Postmaster at Livingston sent notice to this place, as soon as there was a surmise of the apprehended agitation among the slaves, and it is possible it may be suppressed over the State. We are, however, uneasy here about the large plantations below: a day or two will remove or confirm those fears. Other white persons and slaves were under examination [or trial] before the court, at Livingston, last evening. We have not yet heard their fate."

Extract of a Letter dated JACKSON, (Mi.) July 8, 1835.

"Twenty miles from this place, in Madison county, a company of white men and negroes were detected before they did any mischief. On Sunday last they hung two Steam Doctors, one named Cotton and the other Saunders; also seven negroes, without law or gospel, and from respectable authority we learn there were two preachers and ten negroes to be hanged this day. Cotton confessed every charge made against him, and their object was to murder all, and get as much property and money as they could travel with. He also confessed that he and Bellance, who is since taken, belonged to the celebrated Murrell's company of Tennessee, who is in the Penitentiary. The last words he spoke, he remarked, the negroes from Madison county to Natchez would get it—The whole country is in arms, and assembled at different points to protect their families."

The following account of a summary execution of vindictive justice, scorned the law's delay, is from our latest N. Orleans paper:

NEW ORLEANS, July 11.

Mob Justice.—Information was received from Vicksburg, (in Mississippi) yesterday, by the steamboat Scotland, that a serious act of mobocracy took place on the 6th inst. in the town mentioned. It appears that a den of gamblers existed in that place, which had become obnoxious to the citizens. On the Fourth of July, the gamblers were refused permission to participate in the celebration, whereupon they became insolent, and notice was given to them by the citizens to leave the place. This they disregarded, and remained. Two of them, in consequence, were taken, and made to go through the ceremony of tarring and feathering, so well known, and so often practised in the West. These two left the place, but the others, five in number, armed themselves and made a fortress of their establishment, to which the citizens repaired, and after having forced the doors, rushed in. Dr. Bodley, the first person who entered, received eleven balls through his body, and fell dead instantly. The death of the Doctor, excited the people to the highest degree of wrath; and, having seized the gamblers, they lost no time in hanging the whole five! who remained suspended twenty-four hours. Perhaps justice was done here. It is reported that they had several times before escaped legal justice.—*True Amer.*

By the following paragraph from a N. Orleans paper of July 13, it will be seen that the people of Natchez, excited probably by the news of the occurrences at Vicksburg, had taken measures to expel the gamblers, which, however, had not been attended with any loss of life:

"The Steamboat Washington, which arrived here last evening, brings intelligence of a disturbance on Friday last at Natchez, between the citizens of that place and the gamblers, the particulars of which are as follows: On Thursday the gamblers were informed that 24 hours would be allowed them to remove from the place unmolested. This warning being disregarded, the citizens commenced on Friday, the work of destruction among the tables, scattering them in every direction with their occupants. No lives were lost."

NEW ORLEANS, July 14.

We are informed that several of the professional gamblers, lately chased from Vicksburg, have arrived in this city. By the Steamboat Compromise, which arrived yesterday morning, we are informed that several flat-boats have been passed on the river, full of the banished residents of Vicksburg and of "Natchez Under the Hill"—both men and women.

We have been requested by many respectable inhabitants of the community to call a public meeting at the Arcade, this evening, at 8 o'clock, to propose measures which may be recommended to be adopted by the municipal authorities and citizens generally, in relation to the persons who have been expelled from the adjoining state of Mississippi, the arrival of whom is momentarily expected among us.—*True American.*

From the N. Y. Times.

An Eronaut in a blaze of Glory.

If ever mortal man was immersed in honors, Mr. Eugene Robertson is the man. There is a long and interesting description in the N. Orleans Commercial Bulletin of his ascension from the city of Mexico, taken from his own narrative and the journals of that city. General orders were issued by the government for the suspension of all business, and the inhabitants turned out en masse to witness his ascension, the first ever made in that part of the world. It took place from the plaza de Toros, where 15,000 persons of the upper classes had congregated. The President, ad interim, of the professors of the College of Mines, and dignitaries of all characters were present. When the balloon ascended, the air was rent with shouts of long live Robertson, long live the intrepid aeronaut, long live France and the French people, while the ladies, dear souls, wept, torrents of tears. This, however, was but the beginning of

the honors showered upon the Frenchman. He descended about seven leagues from the city of Mexico. The authorities of that city despatched detachments of soldiers, into the part of the country, where it was supposed he had descended, and numerous parties of citizens set out with the view of escorting him home.

While on his way to Mexico, he passed through Kalpan, distant about four leagues from that city. The ladies of the place requested permission to present him with garlands and wreaths of flowers, and the authorities prepared a sumptuous feast for him. A coach and six had been despatched from Mexico to convey him to that city, and a detachment of dragoons formed his escort. As he approached the city of Mexico, he was met by a grand cavalcade, and a long array of carriages. When the triumphal car arrived at the city, it was preceded by twelve guards to clear the streets of all obstacles that might impede the procession. The inhabitants from terraces and the doors and windows of their houses, saluted him with enthusiastic cheers. He was escorted to the palace, where the President and principal officers were waiting to receive him. Thence he went to the College of Mines and had a learned confab with the professors of that institution, and afterwards was feasted in public. In the evening he was escorted to the theatre by a large concourse of citizens. When he arrived there, the audience rose to cheer him, and insisted that he should show himself on the stage. The curtain was raised and he made his "first appearance," accompanied by the manager, who recited a piece of poetry in his praise. He was then escorted into the private boxes of the great folks, and Countesses and Marchionesses—for it seems they have these things in Mexico—intoxicated him with sweet speeches. The public prints were for a number of days filled with sonnets and odes to his honor, and there was a strife among the Mexican poets as to who should be most hyperbolical in his praise.

He received not only empty praise, but solid pudding, having cleared about twenty thousand dollars by his high-flying experiment. We have told this long story by way of showing up the "native talent," which has lately wasted itself on the desert air in ballooning, that there is a fair field in Mexico for its exercise.—Let our balloon men emigrate. They may rely upon it, that they are not properly appreciated here.

What a great man would Sam Patch have made himself, if he had performed in Mexico.

THE VACANCY.

Universal, and, with the reflecting, deep anxiety is manifested on the subject of the successor to the highly responsible station which the lamented death of the illustrious Marshall has left vacant. Rumors have circulated, assigning the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court to more than one individual, whose names have been given to the public; but the reports have in every instance been either directly contradicted or left unconfirmed. The Charleston Courier of a late date, has some pertinent observations on the subject, in which the hope is expressed, and we trust it is one that will be most sincerely concurred in by citizens of all parties, that, in making his selection, President Jackson will rise superior to party feelings and considerations, and act upon the principle of that noble and genuine patriotism which looks with a single eye to the good of the whole country. There can be no question whatever, as to the high importance which is so indissolubly connected with the station, involving more deeply perhaps the weal or woe of the country, than does that of the Chief Magistrate itself. The Courier justly observes, in the course of its excellent and seasonable reflections, that "its durable tenure of office, terminable only by death, resignation, or official misbehavior, the grave questions which are agitated in its forum, involving our relations with foreign states and especially the delicate relations of our peculiar and complex policy, render it undoubtedly the balance wheel of our political system, and in order to accomplish its great purpose, and give stability to our government, it must be so constituted as to preserve uniformity of action, and, comm and, by its weight of character and consistency, of decision, universal confidence and respect."

In these sentiments all must concur, and the sincere patriot who is capable of rising superior to the prejudices and bigoted views of mere party, will, with equal readiness, acquiesce in the selection which the Courier ventures to suggest, but with prospects of realization, we fear too improbable for even the zealous enthusiast in patriotism to indulge in. Its suggestion, however, will meet with so ready a concurrence from the judicious, that, hopeless as it must appear, we cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of transferring it to our columns. The editor concludes his observations with saying, "we do believe that there is one, whose giant intellect, lofty character, sterling patriotism, commanding eloquence, close familiarity with general jurisprudence and constitutional law, and faithful attachment to those principles which constitute the bond of American union, and safe-guard of American liberty, point him out as the most fit and most worthy to wear, with honor to himself and profit to his country, the ermine which has come from the hands of the lamented and illustrious Marshall, as Chief Justice of the United States."

Every one will readily perceive that we allude to Daniel Webster, whose appointment by President Jackson would not only be a moral triumph of patriotism over party, but would, in our opinion, be an act ensuring general acquiescence and approbation, if not of universal popularity.—*U. S. Gaz.*

Contrast between Mr. Livingston and Mr. Van Buren.—We have already published in this paper Mr. Livingston's letter to the Duc de Broglie, a document which has been published and read in every part of the Union with the most heartfelt pleasure and applause, a document which will be remembered and admired as long as America has a place or Liberty a name in the annals of the world. It breathes a spirit of high souled patriotism and independence, which would have done honor to Greece or Rome in their palmiest days, and is manifestly a spark from the fire of seventy-six. The ground which Mr. Livingston there takes that no nation has any right to interfere with the internal affairs of America, every heart spontaneously acknowledges to be true. And all must exult at the promptitude with which that doctrine was asserted and the attempts of France to notice our domestic arrangements was repelled. We are pleased to find that Mr. Livingston's course has met the approbation of the executive, for in the language of that gentleman on a late occasion, "the wounds of honor never close; if they should be cicatrized, they remain an obnoxious stigma on the body politic for ever," and deeply humiliating must it have been to every true American, to see his country prostrated at the feet of a haughty rival, and hear that rival dictate the manner in which the different branches of the American government should address each other; or perhaps forgive our political sins on the ground that they were the act of a party and that party had been ousted from office.

Yet such a scene has once been exhibited, and by the direction of Martin Van Buren, the American Eagle was laid low at the feet of the British Lion. We allude to the celebrated instructions given by Mr. Van Buren to Mr. McLane while minister at the court of St. James, in which he is directed to press upon the English government the injustice of withholding from the American government the West India trade, upon the ground that the acts in consequence of which it had been withdrawn were the work of a party which had been punished by removal from office; thereby calling the attention of the British government to our internal dissensions, holding out the idea that British approbation is the American rule of right, and humbly beseeching the pardon of his Britannic majesty upon the ground that America had seen the error of her ways and would offend no more.

What a contrast between the two documents, the official instructions to our minister at a foreign court, and the letter of our ambassador to the head of the French Cabinet under similar circumstances. In the first instance, England had taken umbrage at certain acts of our government, and her wrath is deprecated by asking her to look within our frontiers and see who were the real offenders and visit her vengeance on them alone. In the other, France declares she is offended by the acts of a part of our government and demands an apology, but she is proudly told that all within the American frontiers is sacred, that she has no right to know officially, what transpires within them; and if one by peering and eaves-dropping have discovered any thing, the discovery must reward itself; a declaration which, as we have said before, has met with unbounded applause—an applause which we consider as passing the deepest and strongest censure upon the course of Mr. Van Buren in relation to the West India trade, and yet the people are again asked to confide the honor of America to Mr. Van Buren's keeping by elevating him to the presidential chair.—*Fred. Herald.*

From the Middletown (Conn.) Sentinel.
Uncommon Circumstances.—The facts communicated in the following notice are believed to be strictly true. The communication is from the parties themselves, one of whom is personally known to us:

SINGULAR MARRIAGE.

In the month of January, 1817, Mr. Harry Rockwell and Esther Niles were united in the bands of matrimony, by the Rev. Mr. West, of East Hampton. In October, 1819, business called Mr. Rockwell to Savannah, from which place he intended to return in about 6 months; but unforeseen circumstances prevented his return until the 4th of the present month, having been absent 16 years, 8 months, and 27 days. During his absence, Mrs. Rockwell obtained a bill of divorce, and was a second time married. With her second husband she lived until his death, which happened the 12th of March, 1831, and from that to the present time she has remained a widow. On Saturday, the 4th inst. Mr. Rockwell arrived in Catham, East Hampton Society, and found her that was once his wife, in the same house in which he had left her in the year 1817, and on Thursday afternoon, the 9th inst. they were again united in the bands of matrimony, by the Rev. Mr. Loper, of Middle Haddam. A short but comprehensive address was delivered on the occasion.

Like Noah's dove, that from the ark Was sent forth all alone, He found no mate to cheer his heart, Until he did return.
H. & E. ROCKWELL.

THE ROTHSCILDS.

The N. Y. Morning Herald, discourses thus of the great Bankers: The Rothschilds are the wonders of modern banking. Sprung from that potent that ancient, that mysterious race from whom we derive all our religion and half our civilization—we see the descendants of Judah, after a persecution of two thousand years, peering above kings, rising higher than emperors, and holding a whole continent in the hollow of their hands. The Rothschilds govern the christian world. Not a cab-

inet moves without their advice. They stretch their hand, with equal ease, from Petersburg to Vienna, from Vienna to Paris, from Paris to London, from London to Washington. Baron Rothschild, the head of the house, is the true King of Judah—the Prince of the Captivity—the Messiah so long looked for by this extraordinary people. He holds the keys of peace or war—blessing or cursing. To what will this tend? Is the Holy city to be rebuilt? The third Temple to rear its turrets to Heaven? No. The Lion of the tribe of Judah, Baron Rothschild possesses more real force than David—more wisdom than Solomon. What do they care for the barren seacoasts of Palestine? They are the brokers and councillors of the kings of Europe, and of the republican chiefs of America. What more can they desire?

We understand that an accomplished and beautiful daughter of this house is married to an American, and intends to make N. York her permanent residence. The beauty of Judah is not departed—nor is the strength of the house of Israel weakened.

Narrow-Escape from Hanging.—At

a late exhibition in London, the feelings of the audience at Garrick Theatre were painfully excited by the following circumstance:

During the performance of Signor Plimmet on the slack rope, he suspended himself in the centre of the stage by forming a noose in the rope, through which he passed his head, so that the whole weight of his body rested on the back part of his head and chin. The part of the rope which pressed on the chin accidentally slipped underneath, and on to his throat, and having lost all power to relieve himself from his painful and perilous situation, strangulation was rapidly going on. The audience perceiving from the convulsive state of his body, that a few moments must have terminated his existence, gave vent to their feelings. Some shrieked aloud, others fainted, and the scene altogether may be more easily conceived than described. In consequence of the difficulty of getting a ladder at a moment to reach the rope, the unfortunate man's sufferings were protracted for nearly two minutes; and when cut down there was scarcely any signs of life. By the prompt attendance of two surgeons in the neighborhood, who instantly bled him and administered strong restoratives, he partially recovered and is now quite well.

SOUTH AMERICA.

It is a remarkable thing, that the whole of the water found in the Pampas is brackish—and in hot weather it is most annoying, for drinking it only serves to increase the thirst of the traveller—but it is not unhealthy, and most probably it is the contrary in its effects on the Gauchos, who pass entire months without any other nourishment than beef newly killed, without any salt to it, which, like bread, is considered a luxury on the Pampas.—When rain has failed for a long period together, many spots become uninhabitable, and the settlers are obliged to remove; the lakes gradually dry up, and a growth of rushes overspreads their bottoms, serving as lairs for the pumas, who lie in wait for the cattle that, perishing with thirst, with mournful howling, seek the remnants of green stagnant water which lie on the marly surface, thick as refuse oil, and swarming with myriads of mosquitoes. Yet it has been now been to the writer a sensation of extreme pleasure to dismount from a jaded horse, with his rude companions, and, taking the handkerchiefs which shaded our heads from the scorching sun, to spread them on the surface of such a gilded puddle, scarce an inch in depth, and thus suck away the moisture, while the whizzing insects buzzed around, as if in anger at our thus drying up their fishing waters. As the water becomes gradually more scanty, the rushes wither, the dry pasture catches fire from the smouldering horse dung, left burning by some chance traveller, the flame sweeps along and fading as fast as it advances, resembles a fiery knife-edge, mowing the wide plains. As it passes by, the rushes oases are kindled, and fierce flames mount upwards with each breath of air, like the blasts of a volcano. The wild animals rush forth before the destroyer, and seek for a bare spot or the interesting line of a stream, which may afford them shelter. But it is a fearful race for life or death, for the flying flame over the parched level mocks the speed of the swiftest horses of the plain. On some occasions a caravan of the straw thatched wagons of the interior provinces is overtaken, and wagons, oxen, and drivers perish together. We once beheld four drivers still living, who had been laid in a shed with their burnt garments shrivelled into cinders on their skinless bodies, to live or die, according as the vital energy might conquer or succumb, for there was no help of medical skill to avail them.—*London Review.*

A PLEA OF INDICTMENT.

In one of the Quarter Session Courts of Tennessee, one John Phillips was indicted for an assault and battery. The Solicitor called him to the Bar, and addressed him thus: you are indicted for a misdemeanor, and stand charged in these words—"Jurors for the State, upon their oaths present, that Joe Phillips, late of _____, on the 10th day of August, 18 _____, with force and arms in and upon the body of one John Scroggins, with malicious intent, an assault did make, with guns, swords, pistols, and clubs, with malice aforethought."—"Stop, Mr. Lawyer," says Joe, "there was something of it, but you're makin' it a damned sight worse than it was."—"Well how was it, Joe?" says the Solicitor. "Why, I and John met one day on the road, and says I to John, this is a bad day for snaking." Then says he to me, not very bad neither, for I killed one near upon a rod long. Then says I, that's a lie, for there's nara snake in this county half so long. Then after a good many such compliments passed between us, says John to me, says he, I doesn't milk my nabors cows as some folks do. And then I hit him a clew with my fist, side of his head—and then set to and had a real scuffle, a fair fight—then jist quit so—and we had no gun, nor sword, nor pistol, nor club nuther; so you see, not talkin' all that nonsense over to the court, when there was no such thing—and John says he's willin' to fight again, if I'll let him strike first.—*Savannah (N. C.) Watchman.*

Warning to Birds.—The Lancaster

(Pa.) Journal says, that "as the locomotive John Bull was snorting it along at the rate of 30 miles an hour, just before she came to a water station, a flock of pigeons endeavoring to fly across her path, three of them met their fate by being caught under the furnaces, two of which were cooked, the third was coked or carboned."

We can't conceive why this fellow has substituted a steer for a cow, unless he has got married, and is thus enabled to keep his provision chest well stocked.
Greenfield Gaz.

A Hint from the Pulpit.—A Dissenting preacher in Norfolk (England), lately gave notice, that if a tradesman had any difficulty in getting their debts paid by his congregation, and would deliver the bills to him, he would present them to the persons before the congregation, and know the reason why they were not discharged, as he knew there were a great many pretenders to sobriety who were notoriously dishonest.—*Bury Post.*

A gentleman in Boston purchased some years ago, a township of land in the state of Maine, for two cents and a half an acre, amounting to about \$620. Some 2 or 3 years afterwards, he sold the township for \$47,000. It has since changed its proprietors once or twice, and in these changes one of them received \$14,000 for lumber taken from it. It has been sold within a few weeks, for \$180,000.—*Boston Courier.*

Mutiny at Sea and Heroic Conduct.

A mutiny of a serious character broke out in November last, on board the barque Manly, Capt. Davis, a whaler, while at sea. The dissatisfaction of the crew was originally excited by the captain refusing them a double allowance of grog. On the 21st of Nov. the captain having been informed of what was going on, prepared for the worst, and secretly removed six barrels of powder and 1500 rounds of cartridges into his state room. The following day White, the chief officer, one of the mutineers, entered the cabin, and was told by the captain that if they attempted to take the ship he would blow her up. On Sunday White told the crew of this and said they had better secure him. The captain then determined, rather than the ship should be taken, to perish with all on board. He shortly afterwards looked up the companion, and observed the three mates, one of whom had a rope in his hand, ready to secure him. The captain then, holding the muzzle of one pistol into a barrel of powder, and the other pistol in his right hand, prepared to meet them. White first came down, but appeared thunder struck when the captain (directing his pistol towards him) declared if he moved an inch he would blow his brains out, and discharge the other pistol into the powder. White appeared petrified with fear, and the captain remained in this position several minutes with the pistol ready cocked, observing that the slightest pressure on the trigger would send them all into the air. White begged for mercy, and the captain drove him into a state room, and locked him in.

The second mate came down soon afterwards to look for White, and on receiving a similar reception ran up the companion.—The captain finding the ship was going out of her course, went on the deck with the steward, well armed, and threatened to shoot the first man that disobeyed orders, and restricted the crew to a particular part of the vessel.—Hearing, however, that they were well disposed to seize the ship, he thought it best to run her into Buenos Ayres, which was accordingly done; and the depositions have been taken before the British consul there, the three officers, (George White, William Burwood, Joseph Burwood,) John Breyman, boat-steerer, and Henry Host, were placed under arrest on board the North Star, whence they are shortly expected to arrive in time to take their trial at the Admiralty sessions.

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The Dangers of the Sea.

From the New York Transcript.

Burning of the Sir Walter Scott.

Captain Clark, of the Sir Walter Scott, arrived in this city on Saturday last, and proceeded yesterday morning to Boston. From his own lips we have received a full account of the burning of this gallant ship, an accident of a more extraordinary kind than has ever happened in the American seas for a long time past.

The Sir Walter Scott sailed from N. Orleans on the 21st of May, with a cargo of 1794 bales of cotton, 11 seamen, and 3 passengers; one of them a lady, Mrs. Hamilton, far gone into that interesting situation in which ladies are who love their lords. The ship was owned in Boston, was only two years old, and was valued at \$25,000. Her destination was Liverpool.

In coming down the Gulf stream, this vessel encountered a heavy gale from the south west. The seas were running mountain high. On the morning of the 21st June, about 8 o'clock, in latitude 31° 24' N. longitude 75° 43' W. when under double reefed topsails, and bearing upon the wind, opposite or nearly so, to Charleston, S. C., a heavy peal of thunder broke over the gallant ship. It seemed as if the heavens were rent asunder. The Captain and his three passengers were in the cabin. The lady started up in a fright, and the Captain jumped on deck in so much haste as to be without his shoes. The electric fluid had struck the foremast, ran into the forecabin where the seamen were at breakfast, dashed every thing into pieces, sent the men sprawling in all directions, and completely raked the vessel fore and aft between decks and in the hold. The suddenness and force of the terrible blow made the vessel hang in suspense for a moment on the top of the billow. Every person was astonished, but no one yet knew the extent of the injury.

In a few minutes, the cry of "fire!" "fire!" "fire!" was raised, and the terror of that cry may be imagined—far at sea, surrounded by storms, and at the mercy of the enraged element. The seamen were almost struck senseless by the electric shock. This cry awakened them to a new sense of danger. The passengers almost lost their senses, and the lady, Mrs. H., was the only one whose courage rose up to meet the danger with promptitude and energy. "The long boat, the long boat," was shouted. It was now 6 or 8 minutes since the lightning had struck, and every part of the cargo, fore and aft, was already on fire. The long boat was full of various articles, and could not be got out at the moment. The Captain now ran below, seized a cutlass and a pistol, came on deck, nerved himself to the occasion—"men," said he, "you never yet deserted me in danger—rouse yourselves now: I'll shoot the first man that does not at once do his duty. Clear out the long boat—down with the gig—stir, stir, or in ten minutes we shall see eternity." The lady jumped also on deck, with her hair in disorder, stood by the Captain, and appeared to be a very spirit of Heaven animating the frailer mortals to their task.

The thunder-struck men, headed by the mate, hurried as well as they could, cleared out the long boat, knocked the gig, and then swung down the boat in the boiling ocean below. "Put the lady in the long boat," shouted the Captain. The ship was at this moment rolling tremendously—the flames bursting forth in all directions—her masts tottering to the gale. The lady reached the boat in safety. "Thank God," said the Captain. "Two disabled seamen were placed near her—six others put into the gig. The Captain and his mate were the last to leave the deck of the burning ship.

All were now in the boat. "Cut a drift—cast off," shouted the Captain. They cut adrift from the burning ship and rushed out of her wake. "All is lost," said the Captain, "but our lives are yet left us: we have another chance to live out the gale." The moment the long boat and gig left the burning vessel, her masts fell by the board, the flames burst forth in greater magnificence than ever, the thunder rolled, the lightning still flashed, the sea was roaring aloud; and the two small boats floated over the billows before the wind, and safely at its mercy.

At last, in about 15 minutes from the first stroke, one long sheet of flame covered the wreck, and the whole fabric of the gallant Sir Walter Scott sunk down into the water and was seen no more. "It's all over with the gallant Sir Walter," said the lady.

The Captain, crew, and passengers now sailed for the coast. They had little provisions, every thing had been lost, and their prospects were gloomy enough. The two boats kept each other company all that day and the succeeding night. It was still blowing hard. At the peep of dawn the next day, the Captain espied a sail to the leeward. It was immediately determined to send the gig to the vessel in sight and endeavor to get aboard if possible. Accordingly a sail was rigged out of an old sack, a mast was raised, and this sail spread before the wind.

"Mate," said the captain, "you must go alone to that vessel, and get on board the best way you can." "Ay, ay, sir," said the mate.

Away started the gig on the swelling billows before the gale, with the mate at her helm. "What a cheering sight it was," said the captain, "she streaked, sir, over the billows like a rocket lighting itself down the mast of the Sir Walter, now under, now above the waves.

In a short time, the gig reached her destination. The vessel proved to be the Saladin, Humphries. She backed her yards; in another brief space, the long boat appeared; all were taken on board, not forgetting the lady, who in greatest

danger had cheered and animated the men at their task.

Captain Clarke, his crew, and passengers were landed at Norfolk. The captain himself had lost every thing on board. He had \$15,000 in English coin, but it went all to the bottom. When the people of Norfolk knew this situation, offers were made to raise a subscription, but he refused any aid of that kind. He and his two boats, with some private aid, paid all his own expenses, and those of his men, and when he reached N. York had just \$10 in his pocket. This he presented to Mrs. Hamilton.

Captain Clarke, throughout the whole of these horrible scenes, exhibited the highest gallantry and presence of mind. Such a man can provide against all ordinary accidents, but when the lightning of Heaven itself strikes a ship to the bottom, we must all submit in silence.



ADAMS SENTINEL.

GETTYSBURG, Pa. August 3, 1835.

Flour in Baltimore \$6 75.

The Court of Inquiry, which sat at Berlin, to investigate the legality of the late Brigade Inspector's election, have reported that it was illegally conducted. A new election will therefore take place—but we have not been advised as to the precise time.

A new election for Inspector is also to be held in the other Brigade of the Division.

The Editor of the "Pittsburg Statesman" (a whig paper) has declared himself for Muhlenberg!

The Editor of the "Carlisle Volunteer" (Wm. B. Underwood) in an article relative to the election, in his last paper, has the following base allusion to our county: "In the borough of Gettysburg, in the county of Adams—a county celebrated for Toryism during the Revolutionary war." Such language only deserves that contempt which its author has often richly earned.

The Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER has been selected by the members of the Bar of Boston, to pronounce an eulogy upon Chief Justice MARSHALL. From the theme and the orator the public may anticipate an intellectual treat.

At a recent commencement in Union College, (N. Y.) the honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. JOHN BRECKENRIDGE, and the degree of L. L. D. on ROGER BROOKS TANEY, of Baltimore, and ABRAHAM VAN VECHTEN, of Albany.

The First Presbyterian Church, in Alexandria, (D. C.) was destroyed by fire, having been struck with lightning, on last night week. The bell and splendid organ were also destroyed.

The N. Orleans Bulletin of the 14th ult. says: It was reported at Vicksburg on the 6th, that in consequence of the difficulties among the gamblers, insurrectionists and others, twenty-six persons, white and black, suffered death in the state of Mississippi, on the 6th ult.

The names of the individuals who perished at Vicksburg, Miss., were as follows: North, Hallums, Dutch Bill, Smith, and McKall.

Their bodies were cut down on the morning after execution, and buried in a ditch.

The N. York Commercial Advertiser, announcing the refusal of Gen. HARRISON to permit his name to be used as a candidate for the Vice Presidency on any terms, regretting, as we do, that determination, proposes that Gen. JOSEPH VANCE, of Ohio, should be the candidate of the Whigs for that office. What a glorious ticket (says the Commercial) is this:

For President—DANIEL WEBSTER.

For V. President—JOSEPH VANCE.

CANAL TOLLS.—More than four hundred thousand dollars of tolls have been derived from our public works since the opening of the spring trade. There are several months of active business yet before us, and the amount received during the fiscal year, will doubtless far exceed the estimate of the State Treasurer. Well may Pennsylvanians rejoice in the glowing prospects which are opening before them, and with what proud satisfaction may they hail this rich reward of all their patient perseverance and untiring energy!—*Demo. Her.*

From Talcahuana. We learn by the ship Hope, which arrived here yesterday morning from Talcahuana, that the people of that place are busily employed in rebuilding the town. It is an old saying with the Spaniards in that country, that earthquakes do not visit them but once in a century; therefore they feel full confidence that they shall not be disturbed again during the continuance of the present generation, and the rest they leave to posterity. The style of building, streets, &c. is to be much improved. N. Bedford Gaz.

The Jail in Waynesburg, Green county, was burnt on the night of the 8th ult.

OHIO AND MICHIGAN.

By a slip which we have received from the office of the Toledo (Ohio) Gazette, we are sorry to learn that fresh disturbances have arisen on the subject of the disputed territory, and that hostilities have been carried to an alarming extent. By the account from Toledo, it appears that a body of citizens of Michigan, to the number of two hundred and fifty, regularly armed and equipped with muskets, bayonets, &c. entered the town for the purpose of serving some legal processes upon a number of citizens of Toledo. After securing seven or eight individuals, they proceeded to the office of the Toledo Gazette, which they broke open, and commenced the destruction of presses, types, &c. which will prevent the issuing of a paper from that office for some time. The editor says that after committing these depredations, they proceeded to Monroe with their prisoners, who were upon the order of the acting governor thrown into prison. Our Toledo correspondent says—"The orders given to this armed mob, or posse, were, according to the statements of its leaders, to proceed to Toledo, and take as prisoners all who were in any manner implicated in opposing the jurisdiction of the Territory, and in case any resistance was made, to immediately burn and destroy the town, and to fire upon the first man who should attempt to oppose them; and judging from what we saw of the materials that composed this band of desperadoes, we should think there was every disposition to obey this order."

The Fredericksburg Herald, states that the cost of the Rail Road from Richmond to Fredericksburg (including all the fixtures, and moving power,) will not exceed the sum of \$850,000—about \$160,000 less than the first estimate. The road, it is believed, will be completed in eighteen months from the present time.

SUGAR.

Some discussion has arisen between one or two of the newspapers in Boston and Baltimore, on the subject of the poisonous properties said to have been detected in sugar recently imported into different parts of the country. Our readers will recollect the sickness at Calais, Maine, proceeding from this cause, and which in several instances resulted in death. Portions of the same detestable article has found its way into this city, and it is proper that our citizens should be on their guard, as several instances have occurred within a few weeks past, of sickness from its use: A respectable druggist was called upon recently with a sample, which on examination was found to contain acetate of Lead, in proportion of one part to twelve of the sugar. No suspicions are entertained of any existing intention of wrong, but we concur in opinion with the Boston Journal, that no ill can result from instituting some inquiries on the subject. The evil is confined principally, we believe, to one description of sugar, and the Journal observes: "If the usual method of manufacturing sugar has been lately departed from—if more sheet lead is used in the construction of the reservoirs, or spouts, or implements—the fact should be known and the evil corrected. It is known that sugar of lead existed in considerable quantities in the Muscovado sugar imported indirectly from Barbadoes—and which caused the sickness at Calais."—U. S. Gazette.

A TOAST AND COMMENT.

Among the toasts drank on the 4th in Detroit, was the following precious sample of ridiculous fusion: "THOMAS JEFFERSON. When his name is pronounced, Liberty descends from her chosen seat, to scatter incense of gratitude around his monument, and to bedew with her tears the cypress and the laurel which deck his grave.

Some physician once told a sick man that there was a clapper in the human throat, which covered the passage for fluids when solids were swallowed, and closed the passage for solids when fluids were swallowed. The man smiled rather incredulously—"I am thinking," said he, "that the same clapper must fly pretty busily when I eat mash and milk." Now if Liberty has to get up and go to Mr. Jefferson's monument and cry every time the name of that distinguished statesman is mentioned, she must move as rapidly as did the poor man's guttural clapper.—U. S. Gaz.

A Tough Customer.—A stout obliging fellow of an Irishman, well known to several of our sporting readers, who procures a "bit of bread," by luring fishes—not "spirits"—from the vasty deep, having heard of the mortal good fun to be met with at the celebrated fair of Kildandy, started for the scene of operation one sunshiny morning, although twenty miles distant, determined to share in the frolics of the day, and he soon arrived at his destination. As he threaded his way through the crowd, in quest of a tent, he felt several keen twitches of hunger after his long journey. "Well," says he to himself, "once it would be a right queer bit of mate that Mike would turn up his nose at this blessed morning, whether hot or cold." At last he observed several country people purchasing rennet (that is calves' maws for curdling milk) from an old man. "Good luck to me now," cried he, "I'll have a white dumplin too, cost what it will; give us one my darling, and he paid down the blint. He then set

himself to work, and he had not long till he had devoured a great part of it, all the while lamenting that he had not a good paratee or two just to take the salt out of it. Soon after completing his singular repast, he was observed frequently to visit the river close by, from which he drew such copious draughts, as gave good

assurance that he was not afflicted with hydrophobia. About mid-afternoon, while Pat continued his devotions to the stream, he noticed a murdering farmer, who had a ewe cheese in view, bargaining for another of the "dumplings," and tapping him on the shoulder, said, with great earnestness:—"Ah! I have nothing to do with them things—I bought one of them three hours ago, and I declare to you it would have bair a tinker's dog to have made any thing of it;—and if you like to believe me, ever since, I think I could drink Stinchard dry!"—*Ayr. Observer.*

A Scotch newspaper of the year 1777, gives the following extraordinary coincidences in the lives of a married pair, as an extract of a letter from Lunark:—"Old Wm. Douglass and his wife are lately dead; you know that he and his wife were born on the same day and the same hour, that they were companions, till nature inspired them with love and friendship, and at the age of nineteen were married by the consent of their parents, at the church where they were christened. These are not the whole of the circumstances attending this extraordinary pair. They never knew a day's sickness until the day before their death; and the day on which they died they were exactly one hundred years old. They died in one bed and were buried in one grave, close to the fount where they were christened."

Infancy.—What is more beautiful than an infant! Look at its spotless brow—at its soft and ruddy lips—which have never entered an unkind word, and its laughing eye as it rests on the breast of its mother. See, it has stretched out its white hand and is playfully twisting her hair around its tiny fingers. Ah! let us look at an infant. It is endowed with life; the very counterpart of love. It requires nothing but the pleasant look of its mother, and her warm kiss upon its lily cheek to make it happy. You may talk to it of sorrow, of misery, of death—but your words are unmeaning. It has never felt the chills of disappointment; it has never withered beneath the pang of affliction—and its guileless heart knows nothing of the emptiness and heartlessness of the world. Oh, that the cup might be broken ere it be lifted to thy lips.

The celebrated WM. COBBETT, the greatest political writer of the age, and probably the most unprincipled, died in London, on the 19th of June, aged 73 years.

By the explosion of a coal-mine in England, on the 18th of June, 100 lives were lost!

On Tuesday evening last, Caroline, daughter of Mr. David McCreary, of this borough, aged 5 years.
On Wednesday evening, Wm. Cobean, son of Col. M. C. Clarkson, of this borough, aged 17 months.
On the 25th ult. Mr. John Shanley, of this county.
On the 22d ult. at York Springs, William Hubbard, Esq. of Baltimore.

Public Sale.

WILL be offered at Public Sale, on the premises, on Saturday the 5th of September next,

Sixty Acres, MORE OR LESS OF Woodland, Situate in Menallen township, Adams county, adjoining lands of Philip Fehl, Wm. Orner and others.

Sale will commence at 1 o'clock, P. M. when attendance will be given, and the terms made known by

PHILIP BEMER, Attorney for the Heirs of Michael Bemer, deceased.

August 3.

THE PEOPLE'S LINE.



The Proprietors of the PEOPLE'S LINE,

AFTER returning their hearty thanks to the public, for the patronage with which they have been favored, take the present opportunity of stating, that reports have been industriously circulated to their prejudice, that overtures had been successfully made to several of the stockholders west of the mountains, by agents of certain other lines, to detach them from their eastern partners: it is with pleasure the proprietors assure the public, that all such attempts have been treated with the scorn they merited. The line throughout is faithfully and well conducted, and if we are to judge by the report of hundreds who have travelled in the line, to the entire satisfaction of the public.

The stockholders are perfectly content with their present share of business, and pleased with their prospects. The line is doing well, and as long as the public show approbation of their exertions, by an increased patronage, the partners can have, collectively or individually, no cause of dissatisfaction.

OSBORNE, DAVIS, KIRK & SCHOLFIELD.

Aug. 3, 1835.

THE LAWS

PASSED at the last session of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, have been received at this Office, and are ready for delivery.

GEO. ZIEGLER, Prothy. Prothonotary's Office, Gettysburg, July 20, 1835.

Militia Election.

A N Election will be held by the Enrolled Militia of the Second Battalion, 80th Regiment, Pennsylvania Militia, on Monday the 17th day of August inst. between the hours of 10 A. M. and 8 P. M. for the purpose of electing

COMPANY OFFICERS, Viz. One Captain, one First Lieutenant, & one Second Lieutenant for each Company.

Elections to be held at the following places, viz: For the 6th Company, at the house of Col. James Read, in Millersburg; for the 7th Company, at the house of James Black, in Mountjoy township; for the 8th Company, at the house of J. A. Thompson, in the borough of Gettysburg; for the 9th Company, at the house of Nicholas Moritz, in Liberty township; for the 10th Company, at the house of William Work, in Cumberland township.

Captains of Companies will furnish copies of the Rolls of their respective Companies.

The Captain of each Company is required to superintend and conduct each of the above Elections. (See 19th Section Militia Law.)

JOHN MUSSELMAN, Jr. Major of the 2d Battalion, 80th Regiment, P. M.

Aug. 3.

LIST OF CAUSES.

PUT DOWN FOR TRIAL AT AUGUST TERM, 1835.

Michael Hoffman vs. Daniel Raffensperger.
David Witherow vs. Peter Epley.
William Craighead vs. John Welch.
Thaddeus Stevens vs. Jacob Lefever.
Moses Myers vs. Daniel Picken.
Daniel Gilbert vs. Bernard Hoffman.
Isaac Clark, use of Daniel Dean vs. Solomon Spangler.
Jacob Lefever vs. Thaddeus Stevens.
Henry Mortzoff vs. Dr. Charles Feitge.
John Ginter vs. Philip Weaver & Michael Saltzger.
George Richter, use of Robert Smith, now for the use of Samuel Osborn's Executors vs. George Gilbert.

GRAND JURY.

FOR AUGUST TERM, 1835.

Gettysburg—Robert G. Harper, John Agnew, Ephraim Martin.
Cumberland—William McGaughey, Quinton Armstrong, James Boyd, Michael Troschle.
Liberty—David Sheets.
Germany—David Schriver, Alfred Cole.
Menallen—John Lower, Jr. Geo. Stotter, Boreas Fahnestock, Nathan Wright.
Lancaster—David Grist, George Dear-dorf.
Straban—Abraham King, John N. Graf, John Tate.
Mountpleasant—John Bowman.
Franklin—Thomas McKnight.
Conowingo—Anthony Ginter, Jr.
Hamilton—Samuel Knox.
Hamilton—Robert M. Hutchison.

GENERAL JURY.

Gettysburg—John B. Marsh, John Garvin, David Heagy, Samuel S. McCreary, Samuel Fahnestock.
Cumberland—Joseph Walker, Emanuel Pitzer.
Hamilton—Andrew Marshall, Ezra Blythe.
Liberty—Armour Bigham, Joseph Hill, David Eicker.
Germany—John Shorb, Martin Heller.
Menallen—Jacob Schlosser, Thomas Wierman.
Tyrona—Jacob Ferreo.
Huntington—Abraham Picken, of J.
Lancaster—Joseph Grist.
Reading—Jacob Hanes, Nicholas Bushey.
Straban—Jacob Cassel, Esq. Jacob Cassel, Jr. Wm. Black.
Mountjoy—John W. McAlister, Francis Allison.
Mountpleasant—George Snyder, Sheldon Marks, John Blair.
Franklin—Robert Sheakly, Andrew Hanselman, Peter Mickle, Jr. Alexander Caldwell, Joseph Pitzer.
Conowingo—Ignatious Obold, John Kuhn.

NOTICE.

THE CORNER STONE of the English Evangelical Lutheran Church in Gettysburg, will be laid on Wednesday the 19th of August next. Several Ministers from a distance, are expected to preach on that occasion, in the English language. The public are respectfully invited to attend the ceremonies.

July 27.

WINDOW GLASS.

THE Subscribers have received from Pittsburg, and intend keeping constantly on hand, a general assortment of WINDOW GLASS, which they will sell at the Manufacturer's Prices, including Freight. They now have on hand 7-9, 8-10, 10-12, 12-16, and 12-18. Retailers of the article are respectfully invited to call.

DICKY & HINES.

July 27.

FRESH SUPPLY.

Thomas J. Cooper RESPECTFULLY informs his old Customers and the Public generally, that he has just received a fresh supply of Seasonable Goods, consisting of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware, CLOTHING & FURNITURE.

—ALSO—

Mountain & River Stuffs.

All of which is worth the attention of House Keepers & Builders, which he will sell low for Cash or Country Produce.

July 20.

CAREY'S LIBRARY.

Of Choice Literature.

TO say that this is a new place a desire for knowledge means to gratify that desire. First point, all are agreed; on the second, there is diversity both of opinion and practice. We have newspapers, magazines, reviews, in fine, pamphlets, on nearly all subjects, which severally their classes of readers peruse. And yet, copies of the means of intellectual supply are still needed. In addition to the of the day, and passing notices of the people, in large numbers, in our great republic, craves the mind of the books themselves, beyond the mere passing allusions, progress of discovery in art and science. But though it be easy to ascertain, press their wants, it is not so easy to gratify them. Expense, distance, the emporium of literature, engaged occupations which prevent personal application or even messages to libraries, bookellers, are so many causes to people away from the front of reason, the enjoyment of the coveted literary ment. It is the aim of the publisher of the Library to obviate these difficulties, and to enable every individual, at a small cost and without any personal effort, to obtain for his own use that of his friends or family, valuable works; complete, on all the branches of useful and popular literature, and that in a form well adapted to the comfort of the reader.

The charm of variety, so far as is compatible with morality and good taste, will be held constantly in view in conducting the Library, so that the present and the current literature of Great Britain, in all its various departments of History, Travels, Novels and Poetry, shall be freely put under contribution. With, perchance, occasional exceptions, it is intended to give entire the work which shall be selected for publication. When circumstances authorize the measure, recourse will be had to the Library stores of Continental Europe, and translations made from French, Italian, or German, as the case may be.

Whilst the body of the work will be a reprint, or at times a translation of entire volumes, the cover will exhibit the miscellaneous character of a Magazine, and consist of sketches of men and things, and notices of novelties in literature and the arts, throughout the civilized world. A full and regular supply of the Library monthly and bi-monthly journals of Great Britain and Ireland, in addition to those periodicals of a similar character, cannot fail to provide ample materials for this part of our work.

The resources and extensive correspondence of the publishers, are the best guarantee for the continuance of the enterprise in which they are now about to embark, as well as for the abundance of the materials to give it value in the eyes of the public. As far as judicious selection and arrangement are concerned, readers will, it is hoped, have reason to be fully satisfied, as the editor of the Library is not a stranger to them, but has more than once obtained their favorable suffrages for his past literary efforts.

TERMS.

The work will be published in weekly numbers, in stitched covers, each number containing twenty imperial octavo pages, with double columns, making two volumes ANNUALLY, of more than 500 octavo pages, each volume; and at the expiration of every six months, subscribers will be furnished with a handsome title page and table of contents. The whole amount of matter furnished in a single year will be equal to more than forty volumes of the common sized English deduction books, the cost of which will be at least ten times the price of a year's subscription to the "Library." The paper upon which the Library will be printed, will be of the finest quality used for book-work, and of a size admirably adapted for binding. As the type will be entirely new, and of a neat appearance, each volume, when bound, will furnish a handsome, as well as valuable, and not cumbersome addition to the libraries of those who patronize the work.

The price of the Library will be five dollars per annum, payable in advance. A commission of 20 per cent. will be allowed to agents; and any agent, or postmaster furnishing five subscribers and remitting the amount of subscription, shall be entitled to the commission of 20 per cent. or a copy of the work for one year.

A specimen of the work, or any information respecting it may be obtained by addressing the publishers, post paid.

The first number will be issued on the 1st of October next. Address

E. L. CAREY & A. HART.

Philadelphia.

August 3.

Notice is hereby Given,

TO all Legates and other persons concerned, that the ADMINISTRATION ACCOUNTS of the deceased persons hereinafter mentioned, will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Adams County, for confirmation and allowance, on Monday the 24th day of August next, viz.

The account of Charles Blush, Administrator of the Estate of P. G. Leber, deceased.

The account of David Pfantz and John Diehl, Executors of the Estate of Frederick Diehl, deceased.

THOMAS C. MILLER, Register. Register's Office, Gettysburg, July 27, 1835.

Flax Seed Wanted.

THE highest price in Cash will be given for GOOD FLAX SEED, by S. H. BUENKER.

July 27.

Court Sale.

By an Order of the Orphans' Court of Adams county, will be sold at Public Sale, on Thursday the 14th day of August next,

Part of Ground, in Mountpleasant township, adjoining lands of A. Smith, G. B. Brown, C. Smith, and others, containing 2 Acres, more or less, on which is a 1 1/2 Story Log Dwelling House.

Also, A Lot of Ground, in Mountpleasant township, adjoining lands of A. Smith, G. B. Brown, C. Smith, and others, containing 2 Acres, more or less, on which is a 1 1/2 Story Log Dwelling House.

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PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the Hon. JOHN REED, Esq., President of the several Courts of Common Pleas, in the Counties of Adams, Berks, and Lancaster, and Justice of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer, and General Jail Delivery, for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the said District—DANIEL SHEFFER and Wm. McLEAN, Esqs., Judges of the Courts of Common Pleas, and Justices of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer, and General Jail Delivery, for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the County of Adams—have issued their precept, bearing date the 28th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five, and to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas, and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, and General Jail Delivery, and Court of Oyer and Terminer, at Gettysburg, on Monday the 24th day of August next—

Notice is hereby Given, To all the Justices of the Peace, the Coroner, and Constables, within the said County of Adams, that they be then and there, in their proper persons, with their Rolls, Records, Inquisitions, Examinations, and other Remembrances, to do those things, which to their offices and in that behalf appointed to be done and also they who will prosecute against the prisoners that are, or then shall be, in the Jail of the said County of Adams, are to be there and there, to prosecute against them as shall be just.

JAMES BELL, Jr. Sheriff, Sheriff's Office, Gettysburg, July 13, 1835.

TO MY CREDITORS.

TAKE Notice, that I have applied to the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, Pa. for the benefit of the Insolvent laws of this Commonwealth; and they have appointed Monday the 24th day of August next, for hearing me & my Creditors, at the Court-house in the borough of Gettysburg—when and where you may attend if you think proper.

MOSES STEVENS.

July 20.

NOTICE.

THERE was left at the house of the Subscriber, on the 8th of July, a light colored Sorrel HORSE, by a man who hired a horse and gig in this town in which he decamped. He has not been heard of since. It is conjectured that the horse was stolen or hired. The owner can have him by calling, proving his property, and paying charges.

JAMES GURLEY.

July 20.

TWO JOURNEYMEN SHOEMAKERS.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

To whom constant employment and liberal wages will be given.

TWO APPRENTICES.

Also wanted to the above business.

Those from the country would be preferred.

DANIEL BALDWIN.

Gettysburg, July 6.

NOTICE.

THE Account of JOHN WRIGHT, Trustee of JOSEPH HUTTON, a Lunatic, is filed in the office of the Prothonotary of Adams county, and will be presented at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Gettysburg, on the Fourth Monday of August next, for confirmation and allowance.

G. ZIEGLER, Proth'y.

June 29.

The Eunuch's Confession,

or

Scripture Views of the Sonship of Jesus Christ.

THIS is the best biblical exposition of this vitally important doctrine known to

C. G. McLEAN.

Sold at the Apothecary & Book Store of

S. H. BUEHLER.

Gettysburg, July 6.

Morrison's Pills.

The Hygienic Universal Medicine

OF THE

BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH.

REMOVING all obstructions in the

intestines, thoroughly cleansing

the bowels, giving purity to the blood,

and thereby promoting its free circulation.

Striking at the root of all diseases, and

is good in all cases, giving rest, appetite and

strength. For Sale at the Apothecary of

SAMUEL H. BUEHLER.

June 8.

Potter's Catholicon,

A sovereign remedy for diseases of

the liver, debility resulting from

intemperance and dissipation, old and

veterate ulcers, pains in the bowels, attended

with swelling of the joints, indigestion,

blotches on the face, pimples, &c.,

syphilis, cutaneous diseases generally,

and tetter in particular, mercurial and

scrofulous complaints, &c.—sold at the

Apothecary and Book-store of

SAMUEL H. BUEHLER.

New Goods.

HILLER & WITHEROW HAVE just returned from the City with a fresh supply of

SEASONABLE GOODS.

Which they offer to the Public on as accommodating terms as any other Establishment in the country. They invite the attention of those desirous of purchasing.

Gettysburg, May 18.

REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

This work will in future be edited by

Mrs. A. H. NICHOLAS,

who will receive the aid and advice of

WASHINGTON IRVING,

EDWARD EVERETT,

GULIAN C. VERPLANCK,

CHARLES F. HOFFMAN,

making the necessary selections for it.

New York, June 16.

THE LADY'S BOOK,

(TENTH VOLUME.)

A Repository for Music, Engraving,

Wood Cuts, Poetry, and Prose.

By the most celebrated Authors.

PUBLISHED AT \$3 PER ANNUM.

BY L. J. GODEY.

Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Phila.

Feb. 2.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate

of NANCY McNAIR, late of

Liberty township, Adams county, deceased,

are requested to discharge the same

on or before the 15th of August next.

And those who have claims against said

Estate, are desired to present the same,

properly authenticated, for settlement.

The Administrator resides in Liberty

township.

SAMUEL McNAIR, Adm'r.

June 22.

FRESH DRUGS

AND

MEDICINES.

THE Subscriber begs leave to in-

form his Friends and the Public in

general, that he has just returned from

the City with a

LARGE AND GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

Fresh Drugs & Medicines,

Also, a Large & General Assortment of

Paints, & Dye-Stuffs,

PAINT BRUSHES,

GROCERIES, &c.

And a handsome selection of

BOOKS.

All which he intends selling on most

reasonable terms.

The subscriber returns his sincere

thanks to the public in general for the

very liberal encouragement he has heretofore

received, and hopes, by strict at-

tention to business, to receive further en-

couragement.

SAMUEL H. BUEHLER.

Gettysburg, June 1.

BACK VOLUMES OF THE

MUSEUM.

THE proprietor of Littell's Museum

of Foreign Literature, Science and

Art, has determined to dispose of the

remaining sets of the back volumes at a

very reduced price, one half only of the

original subscription. He thus offers to

Library Companies, Reading Rooms, and

to gentlemen forming a selection of

books, an opportunity of purchasing 20

large and extremely valuable miscellane-

ous volumes, at a price far below their

cost or value; an opportunity which

must necessarily be of short duration,

and which cannot occur again. The fol-

lowing terms will not be deviated from if

orders are received within the present

year, 1835, beyond which period the

proprietor will not be bound by the pres-

ent notice.

1. Sets of twenty complete volumes

will be supplied in numbers for \$30 00

cash.

2. Sets of twenty complete volumes

neatly half bound in blue or red moroc-

co \$40 00 cash.

The purchaser who orders bound sets

may have his or her name printed in gold

on the back without any additional

charge.

The Museum contents consists of the

best selections from the entire range of

British periodical literature; Reviews,

Essays, Tales, Poetry, &c., and it may

emphatically be asserted that no peri-

odical ever published retains its interest,

or that the back volumes bear the same

relative value as the Museum.

The back sets of twenty volumes re-

maining on hand, are not numerous, and

are rapidly going off. Address

ADAM WALDIE,

Philadelphia.

July 13.

DOCTOR HENRY BELTZ'S

Celebrated & Infallible

Worm-destroying Syrup,

Sold at the Apothecary & Drug Store of

SAMUEL H. BUEHLER.

Gettysburg, July 29.

N. B. Recommendations as to its effi-

cacy can be given to those desiring to

be palatable to children.

MINERAL WATER,

PREPARED in Stone-ware Vessels,

kept constantly at the Apothecary

and Drug Store of

SAMUEL H. BUEHLER.

June 8.

NEW GOODS.

THE Subscribers, having just returned

from the Cities of Philadelphia

and Baltimore, will open a

FRESH AND NEAT ASSORTMENT OF

PAVING STONES,

including Summer Cloth, Broad Cloth,

Painted Muslins, Prints, Gingham,

Bonnets;—also Queensware, and a gen-

eral assortment of SHOES & BOOKS

—all of which they respectfully invite

the public to call and view.

DICKEY & HIMES.

Gettysburg, April 20.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE Subscribers, having recently re-

turned from the Cities of Philadel-

phia and Baltimore, in addition to their

stock of Dry Goods, &c. have opened,

in part of their Establishment, a General

Assortment of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Which have been selected with much

care, and in many instances, made ac-

cording to their order. They have also